

Nightingale Cummings - The Littlest Hobo

tom:
 Capotraste na 3ª casa
 Intro: Em D G
 C D Em

Em
 There's a voice
 That keeps on calling me D
 Em
 Down the road
 Where I always seem to be D
 G
 And every stop I make
 C
 I see my old friend
 D
 It ain't long until I get spun round and I'm gone
 C
 Again
 G
 Maybe Tomorrow
 My whole world'll settle down C
 D
 But it ain't tomorrow
 Em
 So I keep movin' on
 Em
 I'm down a road
 That never seems to end D
 Em
 Full of track-lines and rails
 D
 And liars around each bend
 G

So if you're gonna join me
 C
 For a while
 D
 Better grab your hat, you know I live like that
 Em
 Kinda hobo style
 G
 Maybe Tomorrow
 I'll wanna settle down C
 D
 It ain't tomorrow
 Em
 So this old world's still my home
 Em D
 I got my own world waitin' to unfold
 Em
 In a ziplock bag where I can drag out this worn-
 D
 Down soul
 G
 And I made it through so far so I know it wont be
 C
 Long
 D
 I must be almost there already paid my fare with
 Em
 This hobo song
 G
 And Maybe Tomorrow
 C
 My God will help me settle down
 D
 But it ain't tomorrow, so I guess l'll keep movin'
 Em
 On

Acordes

